

Being seen, an addictive taste

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Summary

Vignette:

Jack shot Will in the shoulder in the Hobbs kitchen, splattering Hannibals face with Wills blood in the process.

This is what Hannibal experienced/did right after. :)

Notes

Since this is Hannibals POV it could just as well be a part of "Stormy blue, tinged with sunlight and tar", but since it is 'way back' I decided to put it into this series.

„See? See?“

Jack sighs next to me, sounding defeated. Will's eyes are trained on me, finally seeing me, finally piercing through the fog, even though the sweet poisonous vapors of the encephalitis still wreaking havoc on his beautiful mind still cloud it. The elation that I feel at this is addictive and I try to contain it, try to play it down, the ability honed but futile nonetheless, the force of nature that he is almost effortlessly piercing my defenses. I lick my lips, the small droplets of his blood on my lips hitting me hard. I know the side of my face is splattered with his blood and I desperately ache to taste it properly.

Will shifts on the floor in front of us, trying to relieve the pressure against his shot shoulder and I divert my attention back to Jack, who steps forward, sighing, putting the gun away, instinctually knowing Will will not be fighting anymore. I tilt my head, wondering at how this is so eminent from Will's posture for us both, his accusing eyes still trained on me.

His eyes had been sparkling and dark just moments before, righteous violence coloring it, the darkness in him so very close to breaking through, triggered by fury and his perceived betrayal. I purse my lips slightly, letting the annoyance of having to take this course of action enter my features, its display probably taken by Jack as confirmation of my anger towards Will. Which only helps with my case, of course, but at the same time I feel something like regret steal into my soul, which makes me wonder at the strength of it. It is not something I indulge in normally and the existence of the feeling must be analyzed. Later.

Jack matter of factly turns Will around and secures his hands on his back with a plastic strip, no chances of getting out of the handcuffs this time. Though I personally doubt Will would want to do so, now, his forehead lowering to the ground in a gesture of exhausted defeat. Jack pulls him up by his arm, his painful moans making something in me clench. Another first, to be analyzed later as well. I tilt my head again, examining the way Will stands, shaking, hunched over, the smell of his sweat tickling my nose.

He slowly raises his eyes to mine and I see the exact moment his body folds with exhaustion - the encephalitis, my meddling and the long and exhausting events and travels of the last few days taking its toll. His eyes roll up into his head and his knees fold, my step towards him just in time. He falls against me, slightly turned by the grip Jack has on his elbow, Jack's exclaimed shout echoing in the empty kitchen. My hands grip around his waist and I lower us to our knees to the ground, his head coming to rest on my left shoulder. I sigh quietly, vaguely annoyed that I will have to clean my clothes later, tilting my head up to Jack.

„Jack, please call for an ambulance. He is severely dehydrated and injured. I do not believe he will be a threat anymore.“

Jack nods quietly, taking out his phone and calling for the ambulance, sighing deeply again when he ends the call. I click my tongue, regarding him for a moment.

„Jack, would you get a blanket from the car? There is one in the trunk of my Bentley, as well as a first aid kit.“

Jack nods, but bends down and retrieves Wills gun, indicating him with it.

„Will you be alright here, Dr. Lecter?“

I smirk slightly, nodding.

„I believe so. I would prefer to put something under his head before putting him down though. Please retrieve a pillow from the living room on your way back as well.“

I wonder for a split second if Jack really does not notice that I wish him gone for a few minutes, or if he may not wish me to be alone with Will. Whichever it may be is inconsequential now though, because he starts down the corridor in measured, heavy steps, no doubt slowed down by the knowledge that he has indeed broken his prized pony.

I smirk and wait until I can hear him on the steps, finally almost moaning when I can drop the mask for a moment, the wound in Wills shoulder so tantalizingly close. I close my eyes, daring to go near it for a moment, the smell of gunshot powder very faint, the burned cloth and skin of the bullet entry underneath the coppery smell of flesh and blood making me salivate. There is something else there, so close to his armpit, something truly Will, and it makes me snarl quietly at the fact that I will not be able to get close again after this stolen moment. I seethe quietly and yet proudly at the fact that he almost caught me, before bending even further down and I lick directly into the wound, gathering the blood directly from its source. I raise my head in exultation, the snarled smile breaking free the first pure emotion I allow to show, unwitnessed, as is wise and yet unsatisfying. The blood dissolves on my tongue, the tart and coppery taste brilliant and my teeth ache with the need to bite.

I force myself to compose myself when I hear the trunk of my car slam, one hand traveling along Wills body, stealing tactile memory of his form, breathing shallowly against me. Jack steps back into the kitchen, and I nod to him, watching him put the pillow on the floor, and I lower Will onto it carefully. Jack shakes out the blanket, and I stay kneeling for a moment, basking in the moment, committing my victory to memory. Jacks voice breaks my reverie, hesitant.

„You may want to wash up Dr. Lecter, they will be here soon.“

I incline my head and get up, leaving them just as I hear the sirens approaching, the bathroom just off the hall. I look at myself in the mirror, the expression proud and elated, raising my finger to my cheek, gathering some of his blood. I draw my finger over my tongue slowly, watching how the crimson colors me for a moment before sucking it off.

I smile.

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